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ADVENTURES INTO THE

UNKNOWN

Here IT IS... THE MOST
AMAZING STORY OF STRANGE
ADVENTURE YOU'VE EVER READ!
IN THIS ISSUE...
"I'LL DREAM about
YOU!"

YOU ASK PROFESSOR
DIABLO WHAT THE FATES
HAVE IN STORE FOR YOU?
LOOK... LOOK WITHIN
THE FLAME OF
UNIVERSAL
KNOWLEDGE...



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MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

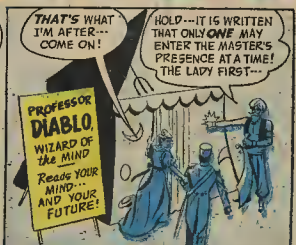
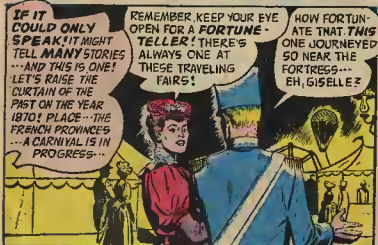
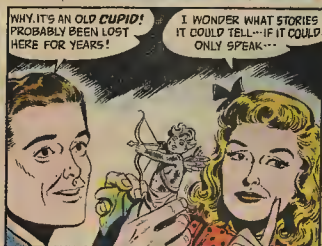
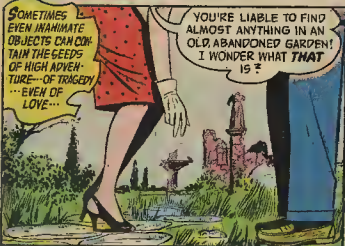
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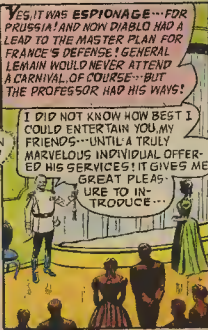
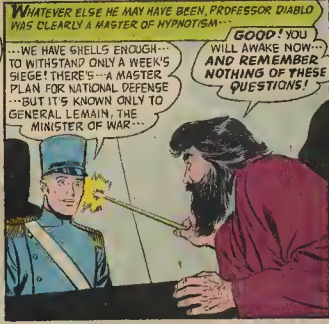
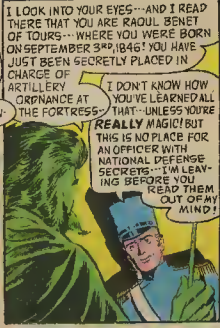
NAME.....
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HOW DID THE OLD SONG GO...OH, YES... "MEET ME TONIGHT IN DREAMLAND!" JUST A PLEASANT LITTLE FANCY... BUT JUST SUPPOSE SUCH THINGS COULD BE! HERE'S A STRANGE STORY OF THE MYSTERIOUS REALM WHICH LIES BEYOND THE BORDERS OF SLEEP...AND THE MAGIC THAT CAN BE CONTAINED WITHIN THE WORDS...

I'LL DREAM ABOUT YOU!



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THE PROFESSOR WAS IN RARE FORM THAT NIGHT, THRILLING GENERAL LEMAIN'S GUESTS! BUT FROM HIS VIEWPOINT, IT WAS A FAILURE...

I HAD...AH...HOPED FOR THE HONOR OF ENTERTAINING YOU WITHIN MY TENT, M'SIEU LE GENERALE!

COMPLETELY IMPOSSIBLE, MY GOOD MAN! SUCH EXHIBITIONS ARE OF LITTLE INTEREST TO AN OLD ARMY MAN LIKE MYSELF!



THERE WAS NOTHING TO DO BUT FINISH OFF THE PROCEEDINGS...AND LEAVE! BUT THEN...LIKE A LAST MOMENT REPRIEVE...

THERE ISN'T A CHANCE TO LEARN ANYTHING FROM HIM NOW...HOW COULD I EVER MANAGE TO GET NEAR HIM AGAIN?

PROFESSOR DIABLO! WAIT...DON'T GO YET!



I'M MELANIE LEMAIN...THE GENERAL'S DAUGHTER! I...I WANT TO THANK YOU FOR YOUR WONDERFUL PERFORMANCE! I COULDN'T HELP ADMIRING YOU...YOU WERE SO IMPRESSIVE...

MY THANKS, MADEMOISELLE! I WAS WATCHING YOU...HOPING I MIGHT HAVE THE OPPORTUNITY TO LOOK INTO YOUR MIND! PLEASE, WON'T YOU GRANT ME BUT A FEW MOMENTS...HERE IN THE GARDEN?



ONE LOOK AT HER...HER IMPRESSIONABLE YOUTH...AND IN A FLASH, THE IDEA WAS BORN! HE WOULD USE HER TO APPROACH HER FATHER! CAREFULLY, HE SET OUT TO IMPRESS HER EVEN FURTHER...

YOUR EYES TELL ME YOU'RE NAMED MELANIE FOR YOUR MOTHER! AND YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN LONELY--YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR THE ONE MAN, SEARCHING FOR HIM...

YOU'RE... RIGHT! IT'S A STRANGE WAY...TO MAKE A LIVING...YOUR POWER OF LEARNING ONE'S INNER SECRETS!



SHE WAS PREPARING TO LEAVE...HE'D HAVE TO DO SOMETHING, FAST! IT WAS TIME FOR HIS TRUMP CARD...

I REALLY... SHOULDN'T BE OUT HERE WITH YOU...

WAIT, MADEMOISELLE! I CAN TELL THAT YOU SEE ME ONLY AS A CLEVER MOUNTEBANK...A CREATURE OF THE CARNIVAL! AH, IF ONLY YOU KNEW ME AS I REALLY AM... DIVORCED OF MY PROFESSIONAL TRAPPINGS...



...LIKE THIS! EXIT PROFESSOR DIABLO...ENTER PIERRE MORAND, AT YOUR SERVICE!

OH-HH! I...I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!



HE WAS HANDSOME, A MAN OF THE WORLD...AND SHE AN INNOCENT AND IMPRESSIONABLE GIRL! SMALL WONDER THAT HE COULD PREVAIL ON HER TO AGREE TO ANOTHER MEETING! AND BEFORE LONG...

MY DARLING...

PIERRE... I LOVE YOU...SO MUCH...



AFTER THAT, THEY MET AT EVERY OPPORTUNITY...WANDERED THE STREETS OF PARIS TOGETHER...

I NEVER KNEW REAL HAPPINESS TILL YOU CAME INTO MY LIFE, CHERI!

SHE'S SWEET...SO VERY SWEET...BUT I MUSTN'T FORGET SHE'S JUST A MEANS TO AN END...HER FATHER, THE GENERAL! BUT SO FAR, THERE HASN'T BEEN A CHANCE...



THEN, FINALLY...THE CHANCE CAME!

YOU SAY YOUR FATHER'S BEEN TROUBLED BY BAD DREAMS WHICH ARE DISTURBING HIS REST? BUT I CAN HELP HIM, MELANIE! I'VE MADE A DEEP STUDY OF DREAMS AND THEIR INTERPRETATION...I COULD TELL YOU STRANGE THINGS ABOUT THEM...

WHAT SORT OF STRANGE THINGS?



WELL, FOR INSTANCE...IF A GREAT LOVE WERE TO EXIST BETWEEN TWO PEOPLE, THEY COULD HAVE THE SAME DREAM...IF THEY WILLED IT SUFFICIENTLY! BUT LET'S GET TO THE POINT! TELL YOUR FATHER THAT **PROFESSOR DIABLO** IS A MASTER OF DREAMS...AND CAN HELP SOLVE HIS TROUBLE!



THE GENERAL LOST NO TIME IN CALLING IN DIABLO! AND DIABLO LOST NO TIME, EITHER...

...AND I DREAM THAT SATAN, IN MAN'S FORM, APPEARS TO ME AND...WHY ARE YOU FLASHING THAT THING AT ME? IT'S SO...SO HYPNOTIC!

YES, GENERAL...IT IS HYPNOTIC, ISN'T IT?



THE VICTIM NEVER KNEW WHAT HE REVEALED! BUT IN PRUSSIA, CERTAIN HIGH SOURCES RECEIVED THE INFORMATION THEY SO DESIRED...

AH, THAT **DIABLO**...HE NEVER FAILS! WE'VE LEARNED WHAT WE NEEDED TO KNOW ABOUT THE ENTIRE FRENCH BORDER DEFENSE SYSTEM!

IT'S TIME TO READY OUR ARMIES!



DIABLO'S WORK WAS DONE...BUT BACK IN PARIS, PIERRE MORAND STILL LINGERED...HELD BY A SPELL SUCH AS HE'D NEVER KNOWN! HE FORGOT WHO HE WAS, WHAT HE WAS, AND REMEMBERED ONLY...MELANIE!

THAT ANTIQUE CUPID...I LOVE IT! IT SORT OF REPRESENTS...WELL, THE WAY I FEEL ABOUT YOU, PIERRE!

LET'S SAY THE WAY WE FEEL ABOUT EACH OTHER, MELANIE...AND LET'S BUY IT!



IF WE'RE EVER SEPARATED, DARLING, AND YOU SHOULD WANT ME, JUST SEND THIS TO ME...AND I'LL COME FROM THE ENDS OF THE EARTH TO BE AT YOUR SIDE!

SILLY...AS IF ANYTHING EVER COULD SEPARATE US!



THEY DIDN'T KNOW IT THEN, BUT THERE WAS SOMETHING THAT WAS FATED TO SEPARATE THEM! HISTORY KNEW IT AS THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR OF 1870...



INVASION! THE HUNS SWARMED IN...AND IT WAS AT ONCE APPARENT THAT THE FRENCH DEFENSES HAD BEEN BETRAYED TO THE ENEMY! GENERAL LEMAIN WAS ARRESTED, DISGRACED...

BUT...BUT I'M INNOCENT!

NO, NO...YOU CAN'T DO THIS!

STAND BACK, MADAMEISELLE...WE'VE COME TO TAKE THE TRAITOR AWAY!



BUT FRENCH MILITARY INTELLIGENCE WONDERED...AND INVESTIGATED! THEY MADE A STRANGE FINDING...

BUT...BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! PIERRE MORAND IS THE MAN I LOVE! HE'S GOOD...AND LOYAL...

AND HE'S ALSO PROFESSOR DIABLO! THE PATTERN'S CLEAR...WHEREVER THE GERMANS CAPTURED A FORTRESS THROUGH A STRANGE KNOWLEDGE OF ITS DEFENSES, DIABLO'S CARNIVAL HAD PAID A CALL AND HE'D INTERVIEWED SOME OFFICER! WE'VE ESTABLISHED THAT HE POSSESSES HYPNOTIC POWERS! HMMM... IT WAS YOU WHO BROUGHT HIM TO TREAT YOUR FATHER, WAS IT NOT?

AND SO...

WHY HAVE YOU AWAKENED ME AT THIS TIME?

PIERRE MORAND? YOU'RE UNDER ARREST...FOR ESPIONAGE AGAINST THE REPUBLIC OF FRANCE!

IT WAS A SHORT TRIAL...WITH LITTLE DOUBT OF THE OUTCOME! THEY SAY THAT LOVE AND HATRED ARE VERY CLOSE TOGETHER...AS HER TESTIMONY REVEALED...

NOW THAT I RECALL IT, FROM THE FIRST HE SEEMED TO BE ANXIOUS TO GAIN CONTACT WITH MY FATHER! I WAS A LITTLE FOOL...I BELIEVED HIS LIES! HE'S GUILTY ALL RIGHT...HOW I WISH I'D NEVER SEEN HIM...

I...I DID EVERYTHING YOU SAID, MELANIE! BUT THERE'S ONE THING YOU'VE GOT TO KNOW...HOW I GREW TO LOVE YOU!

AS I'VE GROWN TO HATE YOU! GET OUT OF MY WAY, YOU...YOU JACKAL!

BECAUSE YOU HAVE FREELY CONFESSED YOUR GUILT, PIERRE MORAND, AND SEEM TO REPENT OF IT, THE USUAL DEATH PENALTY IS BEING WAIVED! YOU ARE HEREBY SENTENCED TO IMPRISONMENT FOR AS LONG AS YOU SHALL LIVE!

PRISON WAS A HARD AND LONELY PLACE...AS THE YEARS DRAGGED BY IN BITTER LONELINESS AND YOUTH TURNED INTO AGE...

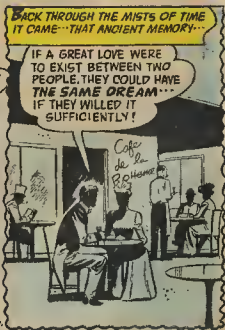
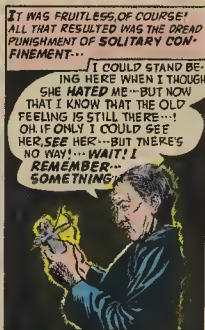
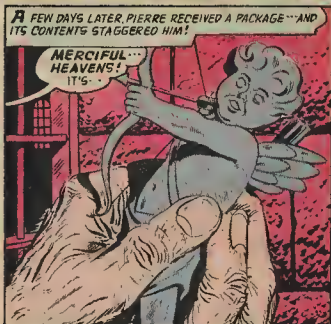
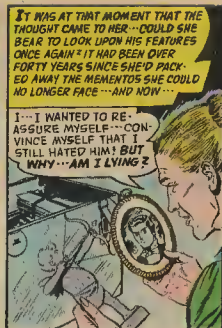
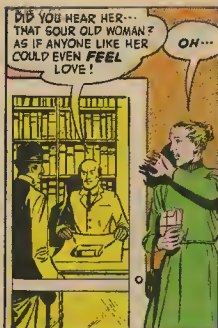
BUT THERE WAS ONE THING THAT SAVED PIERRE FROM MADNESS...THE MEMORY OF HER FACE...THE GIRL HE STILL LOVED...

AND WHAT OF HER? AN OLD WOMAN NOW...STILL OVERSHIPPING THE BITTERNESS THAT HAD PREVENTED HER FROM EVER MARRYING! THERE WAS NOTHING SOFT NOR LOVELY ABOUT MELANIE LEMAIN NOW...

HAVE YOU SEEN THE PLAY AT THE OPERA HOUSE, MADMOISELLE? I'M TOLD IT'S A WONDERFUL LOVE STORY...

LOVE? I WOULDN'T WASTE A MOMENT OF MY TIME ON SUCH...STUPIDITY!

MELANIE... MELANIE...



(CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT)

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WITH THE GOLDEN SYMBOL OF THEIR LOVE CLUTCHED IN HIS HANDS, PIERRE FELL INTO A DEEP SLUMBER! AND AS HE SLEPT, SOMETHING STRANGE HAPPENED...

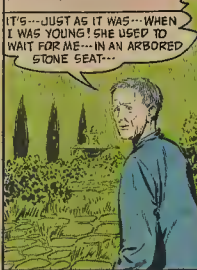


NOW, THE COLD GRIM PRISON WALLS NO LONGER SEEMED A BARRIER...



I... I'M WALKING RIGHT THROUGH THESE STONES! I'M FREE... FREE TO GO TO HER...

HE HAD NO MEMORY OF COVERING GROUND... ALL HE KNEW WAS THAT SUDDENLY HE WAS THERE AGAIN, IN THAT SAME OLD GARDEN...



IT'S... JUST AS IT WAS... WHEN I WAS YOUNG! SHE USED TO WAIT FOR ME... IN AN ARBORED STONE SEAT...

YES... THE OLD STONE SEAT! MAGNETICALLY HE FELT HIS GAZE DRAWN TOWARDS IT! AND AS HE CAUGHT SIGHT OF WHAT WAS THERE, HE FELT HIMSELF CHANGING... CHANGING...



THERE'S... SOMEBODY SITTING THERE! IT'S GOT TO BE... HER!

IT WAS A DREAM... A DREAM SHARED BY TWO PEOPLE! THERE SHE WAS... OLD MELANIE...



PIERRE... PIERRE!

BUT AS SHE RUSHED TOWARD HIM, LOVE WORKED ITS DREAM MAGIC... AND SHE WAS YOUNG AGAIN...



I'VE WAITED... SO LONG...

THE CLOCK HAD TURNED BACK... IT WAS TWO YOUTHFUL LOVERS WHO WERE REUNITED...



MY... DARLING...

IT WAS THE BEGINNING OF THE GREATEST HAPPINESS THEY'D EVER KNOWN! EACH NIGHT THEY MET IN DREAMS... RELIVING THE SCENES OF THEIR YOUTH...



DO YOU REMEMBER HOW IT WAS, PIERRE? YOU SAID THAT CUPID WOULD ALWAYS REPRESENT THE WAY WE FELT ABOUT EACH OTHER... AND BOUGHT IT!

IT'S AS IF IT WERE YESTERDAY!





BUT--- BUT SHE'S ALWAYS HERE, WAITING FOR ME! I--- I DON'T UNDERSTAND---



IT WAS THEN THAT A WILD PANIC SEIZED HIM! HE RAN THROUGH THE DESERTED GARDEN SCREAMING HER NAME--- BUT THERE WAS NO ANSWER...

MELANIE---
MELANIE!

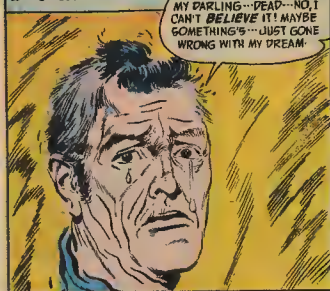


DESPERATELY HE RAN TOWARDS THE FRONT OF THE HOUSE--- WHERE THE AWFUL TRUTH WAS REVEALED!

SHE WAS--- SUCH A KIND MISTRESS! AND NOW THE PLAGUE HAS TAKEN HER--- MADemoiselle MELANIE---

OH,
NO---
NO!

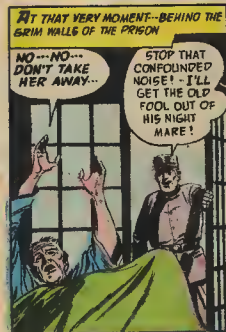
HIS LOVE--- GONE FOREVER! AND WITH IT, THERE VANISHED THE ILLUSION OF YOUTH---



MY DARLING--- DEAD--- NO, I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! MAYBE SOMETHING'S--- JUST GONE WRONG WITH MY DREAM.



NO--- YOU CAN'T LEAVE ME!--- PLEASE DON'T TAKE HER AWAY---



NO--- NO--- DON'T TAKE HER AWAY---

STOP THAT CONFOUNDED NOISE! I'LL GET THE OLD FOOL OUT OF HIS NIGHT MARE!



WAKE UP, YOU MOON-STRUCK WRETCH! WAKE UP, I SAY!



AND BACK IN MELANIE'S GARDEN, SOMETHING STRANGE WAS HAPPENING TO THE DREAM-MAN.

SOMETHING'S-- SHAKING ME---

FROM TIME IMMEMORIAL, THE SUDDEN WAKING OF A SLEEPWALKER OR DREAMER HAS BEEN REGARDED AS DANGEROUS! IN THE CASE OF PIERRE MDRAND, IT WAS MORE THAN THAT, FOR HIS AGED HEART COULDN'T TAKE THE SHOCK...

JANT---CAN'T FIND HER--- ANYWHERE---

HE---HE LOOKS BAD! I'D BETTER GET THE DOCTOR!

MEANWHILE, JUST OUTSIDE THE PRISON WALLS--AS THE DREAM FIGURE strove TO RETURN TO HIS MORTAL FRAME---

I---I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! I WANT TO GET THROUGH THE WALLS, BACK TO MY CELL... BUT I CAN'T! SOMETHINGS HOLDING ME BACK--

I'VE---LOST HER---AND NOW I CAN'T EVEN GET BACK INTO MY DREAMING BODY! AM I DOOMED TO WANDER FOREVER... ALONE?



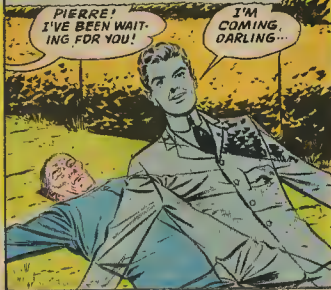
BUT THE STRANGE DRAMA WAS NOT YET FINISHED! FOR EVEN AS THE DOCTOR SPOKE THE FATAL WORDS---

PIERRE! I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU!

I'M COMING, DARLING...

AND NOW, FOR THE LOVERS WHO HAD BEEN JOINED ONLY IN DREAMS, ETERNAL LIFE AWAITED---AN ETERNITY OF HAPPINESS--- TOGETHER!

IT'S FOR ALWAYS NOW, SWEET-HEART!



BILLY REMEMBERS

If there was one thing that Billy Peters, age sixteen, was bad at, it was remembering, and all the boys in his gang kidded him about it plenty! But they had to admit that he *did* come up with good ideas. Take their current vacation trip, for instance. It had been his suggestion that they take a bike trip through the Rockies, an area in which he'd always been interested because his great-grandfather had lived there a century ago. All of the boys were pretty enthusiastic about it, and found the region fascinating. They liked to explore off the beaten paths, and had gotten themselves rather thoroughly lost following an old, overgrown trail. "That's Billy's fault," remarked one of the boys. "He forgot to bring enough maps! That fella can't remember anything!" The others agreed heartily—then quickened their pace as they sighted the old, tumbled-down ruins of a typical western ghost town. Only a few houses still stood, leaning at crazy angles. The cornerstone of a wrecked church gave the town's name—*Oreville*. Then Tom Jones' eyes widened as he pointed. "Look up there, on top of the hill!" he cried.

It was a large, rambling old house—obviously, once the show-spot of Oreville. And so strongly had it been built that not a wall had fallen. Dark and brooding, it stood there, an air of age-old mystery about it that fascinated the boys. As they approached it, Billy spoke up, almost as if he were talking to himself. "I—remember it!" he said—as a roar of ridicule went up from the others. "Never been here in his life," Tom scoffed, "and he says he *remembers* it yet! C'mon, gang—waddeya say we explore?"

The silence of the years lay heavy on the old mansion. As they stood in the large main hall, looking up the sweeping staircase towards the cobwebbed landing, Billy spoke again, his words sounding as if they came from a great distance. "There used to be parties here," he whispered. "People, and lights and music!" Then he paused, flushing, as a howl of ridicule went up. "He forgets the maps," said one of the boys, "but he remembers stuff from a hundred years ago! Hey—let's see what's upstairs!"

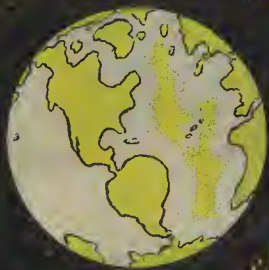
Upstairs held the regulation rooms—all except one chamber which lacked windows and had a large, heavy door. Obviously it had been a storage, or safe-keeping room. The boys entered, and, in the course of their skylarking, slammed the huge door shut. All of their strength couldn't get it opened again, and there they were—*prisoners!* The outlook was dismal. Nobody knew where they were—matter of fact, there wasn't a soul within fifty miles! And there wasn't a window to escape from! There wasn't a chance of getting out alive! "If you hadn't talked us into this vacation, we wouldn't be in this fix!" said Tom bitterly, glaring at Billy. And Fred spoke up, adding his condemnation. "Yeah," he said. "If you're so good at remembering, how's about remembering something that'll save us *now*?"

Billy was looking around him, a frown of concentration on his face. Always, his attention came back to the north wall of the room. "I remember . . . it wasn't always like this!" he muttered. "There used to be—*fireplace* in that wall!" Slowly he approached the designated spot, striking at the wall with his knuckles. There was a hollow thump—and the other boys sprang forward. They ripped the old wallpaper away, and found lath underneath. And beneath the lath was a large, ancient fireplace—leading into a chimney they could climb! And from the roof, it was easy to enter another window—and escape to safety!

How do you explain things like this? You yourself have known the feeling of coming to a certain place that you *know* you've never been in before—and yet feeling the absolute conviction that you've seen it, known it previously. And in Billy's case, there's a sequel to the story. "You've told me that one of our ancestors once lived out that way," he said to his father. "Do you know *where*?"

"Well, now, let's see!" said his father slowly. "My grandfather used to tell me about it when I was a kid! He used to say that it was the biggest, most beautiful house in town, way back a century ago! The place is probably a ghost town now, but I still remember its name—*Oreville*!"

FINAL ACCOUNTING!



A MASTER PLAN FOR ATTACK FROM SPACE! HERE'S A BREATHLESS STORY OF HOW ONE MAN LEARNED OF A GRAVE PLOT AGAINST THE EARTH ITSELF! DID HE FORESTALL IT? READ THE ANSWER IN---

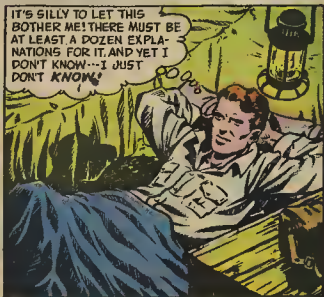
"FINAL ACCOUNTING!"

LIKE ALL THINGS, THIS STRANGE STORY HAD ITS BEGINNING... AND IN THIS CASE, IT TOOK PLACE IN THE STAR-STUDDED SKY THAT RIMS THE VAST DESERT REGION OF WESTERN NEW MEXICO! THE OBSERVER WAS A YOUNG URANIUM PROSPECTOR BY THE NAME OF FRED GREENE---



WHEN GREENE TURNED IN THAT NIGHT, THE STRANGENESS OF THE EXPERIENCE PERSISTED IN HIS THOUGHTS--

IT'S SILLY TO LET THIS BOTHER ME! THERE MUST BE AT LEAST A DOZEN EXPLANATIONS FOR IT, AND YET I DON'T KNOW... I JUST DON'T KNOW!



BUT THE MORNING SUN FAILED TO
DISPEL HIS DARK THOUGHTS, AND HIS
BRAIN PRODDED HIS BODY TO A
SUDDEN DECISION...

I'LL TAKE OFF FOR THE
SOUTHERN RIDGE--THAT
WAS THE GENERAL DIRECTION
IT FELL IN! EVEN IF I DON'T
FIND ANYTHING, I'LL FEEL
BETTER FOR HAVING
GONE!



SEVERAL HOURS LATER, AS HE WORK-
ED HIS WAY ALONG THE SOUTHERN
RIDGE, HE MADE HIS STARTLING
DISCOVERY...

THE BEGER COUNTER--THIS
SCORCHED TRAIL MUST BE RADIO-
ACTIVE! I--I DON'T UNDERSTAND
IT! I'VE BEEN OVER THIS TRAIL
BEFORE AND NEVER HAD
A RESPONSE!



THE TRAIL STOPS RIGHT BEFORE
THIS CAVE---AND THE RESPONSE
FROM MY COUNTER SEEMS TO BE
GETTING STRONGER BY THE
SECOND! THERE'S SOMETHING
UNCANNY ABOUT THIS!



CAUTIOUSLY,
THE PROSPECTOR
ENTERED! EACH
STEP BROUGHT
MOUNTING
SURPRISE...

THESE WALLS! THEY'RE
SMOOTH AS GLASS!
THEY'VE BEEN POLISH-
ED DOWN-- BUT BY
WHOM, AND WHY?



THAT NOISE!
IT'S SOME KIND
OF MACHINERY,
AND IT'S COMING
FROM THIS
DIRECTION!



THEN STARK AMAZEMENT SEIZED HIM AS HE CAME TO AN
ABRUPT HALT BEFORE THE ENTRANCEWAY TO A
LARGE UNDERGROUND CHAMBER...

GOOD
HEAVENS! THIS
CAN'T BE REAL!
THOSE ROCKETS---
AND THOSE STRANGE
CREATURES! THEY'RE
NOT OF THIS
WORLD!



THEY'VE SEEN
ME! I'VE GOT
TO BRAZEN
IT OUT!





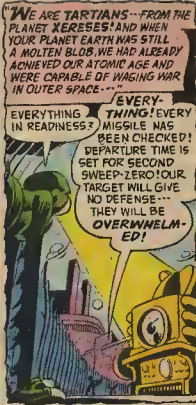
I'M COMING DOWN! I WANT TO FIND OUT WHAT GOES ON HERE...IF YOU CREATURES CAN TALK!

OH, WE SPEAK YOUR EARTH LANGUAGE, ALL RIGHT! BUT YOU ARE THE FIRST OF YOUR SPECIES EVER TO SEE US! APPROACH...AT ONCE!



BUT WHO ARE YOU? WHERE DO YOU COME FROM, AND WHAT ARE YOU UP TO HERE?

I WILL TELL YOU ALL OF THESE THINGS...BUT IT WILL DO YOU LITTLE GOOD!



WE ARE TARTIANS...FROM THE PLANET XERESES! AND WHEN YOUR PLANET EARTH WAS STILL A MOLTEN BLOB, WE HAD ALREADY ACHIEVED OUR ATOMIC AGE AND WERE CAPABLE OF WAGING WAR IN OUTER SPACE...

EVERYTHING! EVERY MISSILE HAS BEEN CHECKED! DEPARTURE TIME IS SET FOR SECOND SWEEP-ZERO! OUR TARGET WILL GIVE NO DEFENSE...THEY WILL BE OVERWHELMED!

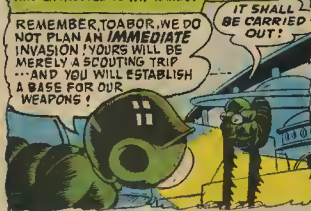
"AND THEY WERE OVERWHELMED! EVEN THOSE WHO ESCAPED THE ACTUAL BOMBARDMENT FELT THE RADIOACTIVITY PRODUCED BY OUR ROCKET GUIDED MISSILES..."



"THUS THEY FELL, ONE BY ONE! OUR MISSILES FORMED A CONTINUAL STREAM ACROSS THE STAR-STUDDED REACHES OF OUTER SPACE, AND EACH FALLEN PLANET BECAME ANOTHER STEPPING-STONE IN OUR CONQUEST OF THE GALAXY..."



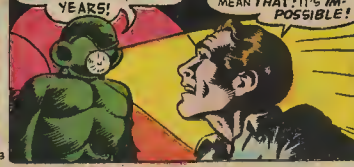
"IT WAS INEVITABLE THAT YOUR PLANET WOULD SOMEDAY FIT INTO OUR SCHEME! AND WHEN THAT DAY CAME, THE PRIVILEGE OF EXECUTING THE PLAN WAS ENTRUSTED TO MY HANDS!"



REMEMBER, TOABOR, WE DO NOT PLAN AN IMMEDIATE INVASION! YOURS WILL BE MERELY A SCOUTING TRIP...AND YOU WILL ESTABLISH A BASE FOR OUR WEAPONS!

IT SHALL BE CARRIED OUT!

...AND THAT PLAN, EARTHMAN, IS ALMOST COMPLETED! WE HAVE BEEN USING YOUR PLANET AS A KIND OF ARSENAL, AS AN ADVANCED STAGING-POINT IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF OUR ATOMIC MISSILES! FROM EARTH WE WILL WAGE WAR DEEPER INTO THE GALAXY. WE PLAN TO TAKE OVER EARTH BY A SURPRISE ASSAULT WITHIN TWENTY YEARS!



NO! YOU CAN'T MEAN THAT! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

(CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT)

KIDS! TEAM UP WITH YOUR PARENTS

**4052
TERRIFIC
PRIZES**



Pinky Lee says:

Get in on this easy

Popsicle

T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

FAMOUS

RANCH BRANDS CONTEST



52 winning teams will fly via

AMERICAN AIRLINES FLAGSHIPS

for thrilling, all-expense

DUDE RANCH VACATIONS

IN Tucson

ARIZONA

Trips scheduled
for arrival in Tucson
August 21st

**52 GRAND
PRIZES**
FOR WINNING TEAMS*
OF CHILD and PARENT
*(104 trips in all)

Be the guest at Tucson's
SUNSHINE CLIMATE CLUB

Thrill! Action! Adventure! Spend
fabulous days and nights in real
cowboy country . . . the vacation of
a lifetime. Everything free!

300

**2nd
PRIZES**

PHILCO
PORTABLE
PHONOGRAPH
3-SPEED
VALUE \$29.95



1000

**3rd PRIZES
for GIRLS**

**EFFANBEE
Dy-Dee
DOLL**
AND WARDROBE
VALUE \$15.95



1000

**3rd PRIZES
for BOYS**

**DIMAGGIO MODEL
BASEBALL
GLOVE
AND BALL**



700

**4th
PRIZES**



**SPARTUS
FLASH CAMERA
OUTFITS**
VALUE
\$14.95

1000

**5th
PRIZES**



**Famous MATTTEL
Musical
TOY
TRUCKS**

All entries become the property of the Joe Lowe Corporation. All winners will be notified by mail. Failure to accept prize as offered will result in forfeiture of prize and no substitution will be permitted. Anyone may enter this contest except employees of the Joe Lowe Corporation, their advertising agency, or the families of such employees. This contest is limited to the U. S. and Possessions and Canada and is void and not extended in any State or locality where participation in and conducting thereof are prohibited, taxed, licensed or restricted. Joe Lowe Corporation reserves the right to substitute or change prize or locale of vacations if unforeseen conditions arise. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope if you wish to have a list of winners sent to you.

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IN THE \$100,000 "POPSICLE" CONTEST!

10 BIG WEEKLY CONTESTS

Here's all you do...

1. Cut out official entry blank (right) along dotted lines.
2. Carefully cut out the big "Sicle" ball from any three "POPSICLE," "FUDGSICLE," "CREAMSICLE," "DREAMSICLE," or "50-50 POPSICLE" bags.
3. Paste the three "Sicle" balls in spaces marked on the entry blank.
4. Match the ranch brands against the names of the ranches shown on the entry blank by writing the number of the ranch name in the corner of the box where you think it belongs. For example—we have put a 3 in the first box because Circle Z (#3 on the list) fits that brand.
5. In the empty space shown on the entry blank, draw the brand you would use if you owned a ranch.
6. Print the name of your imaginary ranch on the dotted line indicated on the blank. (Mom and Dad can help!)
7. Write your name, age and address in the spaces indicated on the blank. Your entry will be judged against other entries in your age group.
8. Paste the completed entry on a 2-cent post-card and mail to "POPSICLE," P.O. Box 123, New York 46, N. Y. Send in as many entries as you like. Entries must be postmarked no later than midnight, August 6th.
9. Entries will be judged by an independent judging organization on the basis of correctness and neatness. In case of ties, originality of your "imaginary ranch brand" will be deciding factor. Decision of judges will be final.

Remember! You have until midnight Saturday June 4th to enter the first big weekly "POPSICLE" contest. Thereafter weekly contests begin Sunday morning and end the following Saturday at midnight. All entries will be judged in the weekly contests by postmark date on envelope. The 10th and last "POPSICLE" contest closes with mail postmarked by midnight Aug. 6, 1955.

ENTER YOUR FIRST CONTEST NOW!

Last Contest Closes SAT., AUG. 6, 1955

Get 246! entry blanks from your "POPSICLE" dealer!

OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK

(Z)	3	(SV)	SS
W	R	-O	
W	-BB	h	

- | | | |
|------------------|----------------------|------------------|
| 1. Westward Look | 4. Thunderhead | 7. Wild Horse |
| 2. Bar B | 5. Barro Nada | 8. Saluero Visto |
| 3. Circle Z | 6. Saddle and Sundry | 9. Diamond W |

Now, after you've matched the brands with the correct ranches, draw your own brand design in the box on the right. Name your imaginary ranch on the dotted line below.

My Imaginary Ranch Name _____

My Name _____ Age _____

Parent's Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Brand of Ice Cream My Dealer Sells _____

PASTE 3 "SICLE" BALLS HERE!

When your entry is complete, mail it to:
"POPSICLE," P.O. Box 123, N. Y. 46, N. Y.

LOOK FOR THE BIG "SICLE" BALL!

GET SWELL GIFTS SAVE COUPON ON BACK

FREE GIFT LIST
Get one from your Ice Cream Man or write to:
"POPSICLE"
601 West 26 St., New York 1, N. Y.
2854 E. 11 St., Los Angeles 23, Cal.

Fudgsicle Creamsicle Dreamsicle

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AH, BUT IT IS **TRUE**! AGAIN AND AGAIN OUR SHIPS HAVE BROUGHT SUPPLIES TO US, BUT YOUR PAPERS LAUGH. CALL THEM FLYING SAUCERS, OBJECTS OF THE IMAGINATION!

THEN THAT GLOWING OBJECT IN THE SKY LAST NIGHT AND THE SCORCHED TRAIL ON THE SOUTHERN RIDGE! IT WAS ONE OF--



YES, ONE OF **OURS**! AND IT BROUGHT **NEWS**! ON JULY 1ST 1975, WE WILL HAVE BUILT UP SUFFICIENT STRENGTH--AND THEN **...WE ATTACK!**

YOU'LL FAIL! NOW THAT I KNOW YOUR PLOT, I'LL SEE THAT WE USE THE INTERVENING YEARS TO **PREPARE!**



IT IS INEVITABLE--YOUR SPECIES IS POWERLESS BEFORE US! AND TO PROVE OUR SUPERIORITY, I'M GOING TO SET YOU **FREE!** YOU ARE UNIMPORTANT--REPRESENT NO THREAT!

YOU THINK NOT? WAIT TILL I SPREAD THE NEWS!



THAT MAY BE SLIGHTLY DIFFICULT!

YOUR EYE--THAT LIGHT--WHY ARE YOU CONCENTRATING IT ON ME--N-NO--**DON'T--**



THE FOLLOWING DAY, A PROSPECTOR FOUND HIM--**UNCONSCIOUS**--



THREE MONTHS LATER, IN A HOSPITAL JUST BEYOND THE DESERT--

HE'S COMING AROUND, DOCTOR HOLMES! MAYBE WE'LL GET SOMEWHERE **NOW!**

WE'LL HAVE TO GO EASY!



DON'T BE ALARMED--WE'RE YOUR FRIENDS! YOU'VE BEEN HERE A LONG TIME, BUT YOU'RE GETTING **BETTER!**

WHO AM I--WHERE'D I COME FROM--



THE AMNESIA IS STILL THERE! COMPLETE LOSS OF MEMORY, DESPITE THE REGAINING OF CONSCIOUSNESS! WANT TO TAKE OVER?

MAY AS WELL!

YOU WERE FOUND OUT IN THE DESERT, AND IN A BAD WAY! WHILE YOU WERE UNCONSCIOUS, YOU KEPT SAYING YOU HAD SOMETHING IMPORTANT TO SAY, BUT YOU COULDN'T REMEMBER WHAT! DO YOU REMEMBER **NOW?**

REMEMBER...?

IT'S **IMPORTANT** THAT YOU REMEMBER! TRY **HARD!**

IT'S THE ONLY WAY OF ASSURING RECOVERY! WE WANT TO HELP, BUT YOU MUST HELP YOURSELF!



RELAX NOW! WE CAN TRY AGAIN TOMORROW! THE MAIN THING IS TO **KEEP TRYING!** IT WILL TAKE TIME, BUT THERE IS HOPE! WE MUST ALWAYS HAVE HOPE!

MEANWHILE, TIME PASSED, AND PLANET EARTH SPUN ITS WAY ONWARD! THE TIME WOULD COME WHEN IT WOULD FACE AN INVASION FROM SPACE! IT COULD BE FORESTALLED... IF FRED GREENE REMEMBERED IN TIME...

AND ON THE BALCONY OF A HOSPITAL, A MAN STARES OUT TOWARDS THE DRY PLAINS! HIS BROW IS WRINKLED IN THOUGHT, WHILE HIS BRAIN STRUGGLES FUTILELY, HELPLESSLY, AGAINST THE STUBBORN WALL OF THE FORGOTTEN PAST...

THERE WAS SOMETHING IMPORTANT... TERRIBLY IMPORTANT! BUT I CAN'T REMEMBER! I JUST CAN'T REMEMBER! BUT MAYBE TOMORROW...



THE END



Time sure passes fast, doesn't it? It seems like just yesterday that we were chatting together and ironing out our mutual problems—and here it is meeting-time again! So pull up your chairs, all you loyal readers and faithful fans of "*Adventures Into The Unknown*!" Let's talk it over!

The subject for this meeting will be the new types of stories which we're carrying under the new order, which has shunted aside all horror stories, in favor of a type of reading matter which relies completely upon thoroughly interesting and challenging narrative for its appeal. Our last issue was an excellent example of such content. The principal stories in that number were, "*Coward in Outer Space*," "*War of The Seagulls*" and "*Back Through Time*." We invited all you readers to write in and tell us how you liked these stories—or, if you didn't like them, to say so!

At the time of going to press with this issue, there were only a few days opportunity to receive such mail, and so we are able to comment only upon the very first letters to come in. But this sampling provided a very interesting and significant result. Mail in favor of our new story policy was running eight to one over mail opposing! In the belief that you may be interested in just what our readers are saying, we're reproducing a few of their letters herewith:

"Dear Editor:—

I've been a reader of '*Adventures Into The Unknown*' since it began, so many years ago! I've always liked your stories, and to tell you the truth, I wasn't sure of whether I'd go for the new order! But after

having read your last issue, I'm not worrying. These stories are fascinating! Orchids to '*Coward In Outer Space*'—the best story of its kind I've ever read!

—Cookie Dimesa, New York, N. Y."

"Dear Editor:—

You asked that readers write in and tell their opinion on the new '*Adventures Into The Unknown*.' Okay—I think it's the best I've ever read! '*Coward In Outer Space*' was keen! Keep up the good work!

—Tom Kardijian, Los Angeles, Calif."

"Dear Editor:—

I've always liked stories about zombies and werewolves, and I thought I wouldn't like '*Adventures Into The Unknown*' without them. But when you came out with '*War of The Seagulls*' and '*Coward In Outer Space*,' I changed my mind! As long as you can print stories like those, I'll be a reader!

—E. W. Moran, Dallas, Texas"

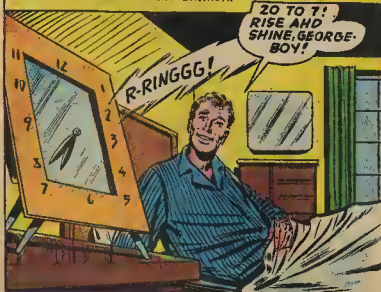
Well—this was the type of response we got to last issue! Now, how about our current number? Remember, it's up to you to keep us informed—for unless we know how you like our offerings, we're in the dark as to your tastes! And since "*Adventures Into The Unknown*" is your magazine, we want you to write us, telling us how you like what we're doing—which of our stories you like, and which you don't like! Address your letters to The Editor, "*Adventures Into The Unknown*," 45 West 45th Street, New York 36, N.Y. And now—so long, until next month!

DOWN THROUGH THE CENTURIES PEOPLE HAVE BELIEVED THAT FATE TAKES A HAND IN THE AFFAIRS OF MEN! IS THIS TRUE? IS THERE REALLY NOTHING YOU CAN DO WHEN...

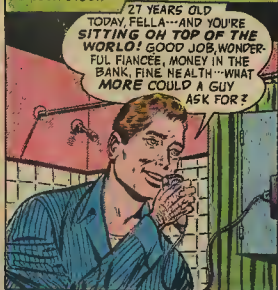
YOUR NUMBER'S UP!



IT WAS WITH THE GAYEST OF SPIRITS THAT GEORGE HARRIS BOUNDED OUT OF BED ON HIS BIRTHDAY...



A MERRY TUNE SANG THROUGH HIS BRAIN AS HE TOOK STOCK...



AFTER A HEARTY BREAKFAST, GEORGE NOPPED INTO HIS CAR AND SET OUT FOR THE BANK WHERE HE WORKED AS A JUNIOR EXECUTIVE...

TOO BAD I HAVE TO WORK TODAY! IT'S JUST PERFECT FOR A PICNIC IN THE COUNTRY WITH ARLENE! SAY, WHAT'S WRONG UP AHEAD?

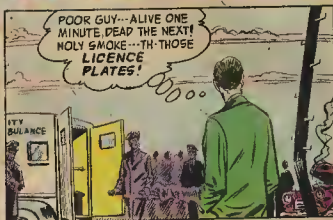


THE ROAD'S BLOCKED TEMPORARILY, BUH...THERE'S BEEN A NASTY ACCIDENT! CAR SKIDDED AROUND A CURVE...KILLED THE DRIVER INSTANTLY!

GEE, THAT'S TOO BAD!

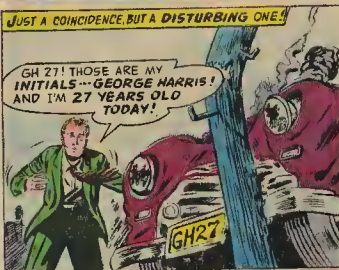


POOR GUY...ALIVE ONE MINUTE, DEAD THE NEXT! HOLY SMOKE...TH-THOSE LICENCE PLATES!



JUST A COINCIDENCE, BUT A DISTURBING ONE!!

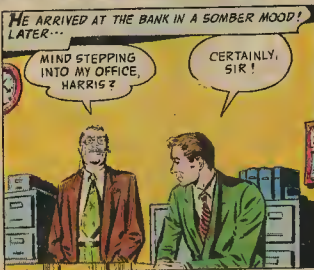
GH 27! THOSE ARE MY INITIALS...GEORGE HARRIS! AND I'M 27 YEARS OLD TODAY!



HE ARRIVED AT THE BANK IN A SOMBER MOOD! LATER...

MIND STEPPING INTO MY OFFICE, HARRIS?

CERTAINLY, SIR!



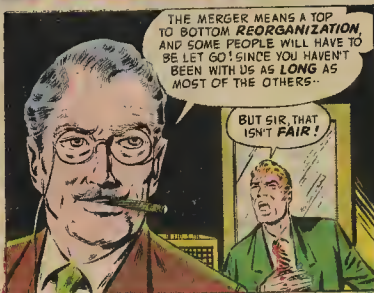
AS YOU KNOW, HARRIS, WE'VE BEEN WORKING ON A BIG MERGER FOR A LONG TIME BECAUSE WE BADLY NEED A BRANCH STRUCTURE! WELL, THE DEAL'S BEEN PUT THROUGH, AND I'M AFRAID IT'S BAD NEWS FOR YOU!

BUT I-I DON'T UNDERSTAND...



THE MERGER MEANS A TOP TO BOTTOM REORGANIZATION, AND SOME PEOPLE WILL HAVE TO BE LET GO! SINCE YOU HAVEN'T BEEN WITH US AS LONG AS MOST OF THE OTHERS...

BUT SIR, THAT ISN'T FAIR!



IT'S BUSINESS, MY BOY, AND WE NEED THOSE THUNDERBANKS DESPERATELY! I'LL BE GLAD TO GIVE YOU A LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION!

WHAT A FINE BIRTHDAY PRESENT THIS IS--LOSING MY JOB!



AS GEORGE WAS LEAVING, SOME INEXPLICABLE IMPULSE CAUSED HIM TO ASK--

BUT THE WAY, SIR, JUST HOW MANY BRANCHES ARE INVOLVED?

27! IT'LL MAKE US ONE OF THE LARGEST ORGANIZATIONS IN THE COUNTRY!



THE DAY HAD STARTED SO BEAUTIFULLY, AND NOW EVERYTHING WAS WRONG! IN ANGER, HE WITHDREW HIS ENTIRE SAVINGS FROM THE BANK--

SURE YOU WANT TO TAKE OUT THE WHOLE \$8,000, GEORGE?

YOU THINK I'D GIVE THIS JOINT ANY MORE OF MY BUSINESS? I'LL DEPOSIT THE MONEY LATER IN A GOOD BANK!



HE HAD TO HURRY TO MEET HIS FIANCEE FOR LUNCH, AND SEEING HER, HIS SPIRITS ROSE SWIFTLY--

GOSH, ARLENE, YOU'RE SURE A SIGHT FOR SORE EYES!

YOU'VE KEPT ME WAITING FIVE MINUTES, GEORGE!



GAZING ACROSS THE TABLE AT HER BEAUTIFUL FEATURES, HE CALLED HIMSELF A FOOL FOR BEING DEPONDENT! WITH YOUTH, ABILITY, AND HER--HE WAS STILL A LUCKY GUY! HE TOLD HER EVERYTHING--

IT'S JUST ONE OF THOSE THINGS, HONEY-- YOU UNDERSTAND, DON'T YOU?

NO, I DON'T UNDERSTAND! IF THEY'D VALUED YOUR SERVICES THEY'D HAVE KEPT YOU AND FIRED SOMEBODY ELSE!



BUT MONEY--

GOOD PEOPLE AREN'T FIRED! LOOK, GEORGE, YOU'RE REALLY IN NO POSITION TO GET MARRIED, AND I'M NOT THE KIND TO WAIT AROUND! I'M AFRAID WE'D BETTER CALL IT QUITS!

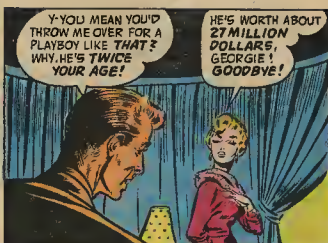


AS SHE REMOVED HER ENGAGEMENT RING, GEORGE FELT THE GROUND SLIPPING FROM UNDER HIS FEET!

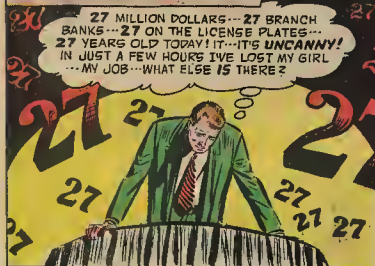
NO, DARLING-- I WON'T LET YOU DO THIS! I LOVE YOU! I'VE GOT \$8,000 IN MY POCKET-- AND I'LL FIND A BETTER JOB!

PLEASE, GEORGE, DON'T MAKE THINGS DIFFICULT!





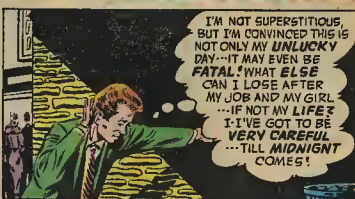
WATCHING THE GIRL HE LOVED WALK OUT OF HIS LIFE, HE FELT LIKE A MAN FALLING OVER A PRECIPICE...



AIMLESSLY, HE BEGAN TO WALK AROUND TOWN... AND THE HOURS PASSED...



OVERCOME BY BITTER THOUGHTS, HE PAID NO ATTENTION TO WHERE HE WAS GOING...



The LONG EVENING STRETCHED BEFORE HIM! TO WHILE AWAY THE TIME, HE WENT TO A THEATRE...



(CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT)

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Why grope in the dark always wishing? Why let other guys run off with the best of everything? Specially when you can be the most popular fellow in your class. Just let mighty Joe Bonomo and Black Beauty show you how easy it is. Think of it! You may become a Leader-Winner-Athlete... "tops" in popularity.

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YOUR COMPLETE POWER PLUS COURSE —

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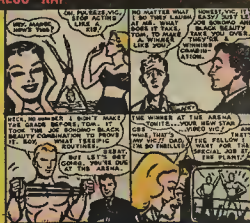
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1341 Broadway, Dept. ACG
New York 23, N.Y.

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ORDER

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☐ I enclose \$2.98 in full. Ship prepaid. ☐ Ship C. O. D. for \$2.98 plus postage.

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City Zone State Height

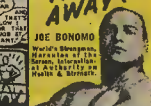
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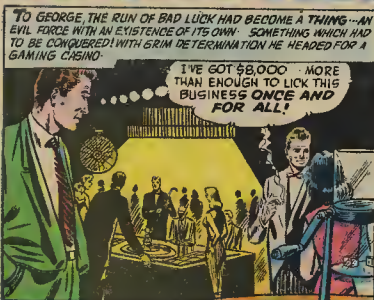
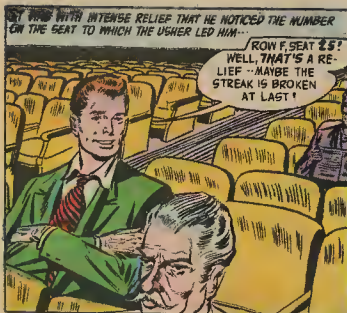
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course entitles you
to free membership
in the Strongman's
Club of America.

ACT
RIGHT
AWAY!

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World's Strongman,
Havard of the
Screen, International
at a variety of
Health & Strength.







THE WHEEL SPUN AND SPUN, AND ITS WHIRL MATCHED THE GROWING DIZZINESS BEFORE GEORGE'S EYES! AGAIN AND AGAIN HE PLACED A \$100 CHIP ON THE FATAL NUMBER...

EXCUSE ME, MISTER, BUT I'VE NOTICED THAT YOU KEEP BETTING THE SAME WAY EACH TIME! WHY NOT TRY TO CHANGE YOUR LUCK?

THAT'S WHAT I'M TRYING TO DO! I'VE STAKED 43 CHIPS ON THAT NUMBER ALREADY... IT'S LONG OVERDUE!

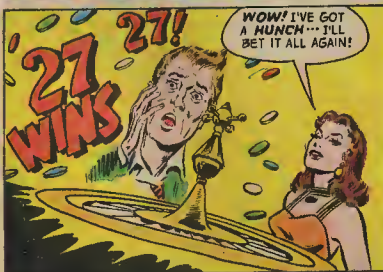
THE ONCE HIGH MOUND OF CHIPS DWINDLED, DWINDLED... AND NOW ONLY THREE WERE LEFT!

IT'S GOT TO COME UP NOW... PLEASE... OH, PLEASE...

AND NOW, HIS LAST CHIP! GONE WAS ALL SENSE OF TIME AND PLACE... THE WHOLE UNIVERSE HAD BECOME ENCIRCLED BY THE SPINNING ROULETTE WHEEL...

NUMBER 28 WINS! 28!

TWENTY-EGHT! I- I'VE LOST EVERYTHING... EVERY PENNY I'VE SAVED!



AGAIN THE WHEEL TURNED, ONLY NOW GEORGE KNEW WHAT WOULD HAPPEN...

27 WINS AGAIN!

I- I'VE WON A FORTUNE!

TAKE MY ADVICE, MISS... BET IT ALL AGAIN!





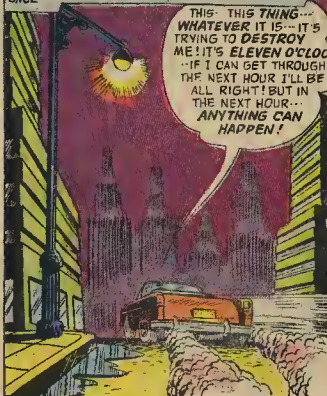
DEATHLY SILENCE REIGNED AS THE WHEEL SPUN ONCE MORE! AND WHEN THE BALL FINALLY FELL INTO A SLOT...



SOMETHING SEEMED TO SNAP IN GEORGE'S BRAIN! LIKE A MADMAN, HE LEAPED FROM HIS SEAT, FRANTIC TO ESCAPE...



LEAPING INTO HIS CAR HE KICKED HIS FOOT DOWN HARD ON THE ACCELERATOR! EVERYTHING WAS CLEAR ALL AT ONCE...



REALIZING THE IMMENSE DANGER HE WAS IN, GEORGE SLOWED DOWN AND DROVE CAREFULLY TO HIS HOTEL! THEN HE WENT DIRECTLY TO HIS ROOM...



AS HE PUT HIS KEY IN THE DOOR, HE NOTICED FOR THE FIRST TIME...



IT WAS IMPORTANT NOT TO MOVE...TO DO NOTHING...UNTIL THE BELLS FROM THE CHURCH STEEPLE ACROSS THE WAY TOLLED THE NEWS THAT MIDNIGHT HAD PASSED! BUT SUDDENLY...

A TELEGRAM!
...I DIDN'T NOTICE IT WHEN I CAME IN! IT MUST HAVE BEEN SLIPPED UNDER THE DOOR! MORE BAD NEWS, NO DOUBT...I WON'T OPEN IT!

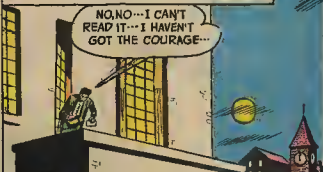


CURIOSITY VIED WITH TERROR, WHILE HIS HEART BEAT WILDLY...

IT'S PRACTICALLY BURNING MY HAND! IT'S GOT TO BE BAD NEWS...BUT WHAT? CAN SOMETHING HAVE HAPPENED TO MY MOTHER? SHE WROTE SHE WAS FEELING POORLY! OR MAYBE IT'S ABOUT MY BROTHER JOE...S-SOMETHING TERRIBLE HAS HAPPENED! I...I NEED A BREATH OF FRESH AIR...

HE STEPPED OUT ON THE BALCONY, DREADING THE NEW MISFORTUNE THAT THE TELEGRAM MIGHT CONTAIN! HIS TREMBLING FINGERS EXTRACTED IT FROM THE ENVELOPE...

NO, NO...I CAN'T READ IT...I HAVEN'T GOT THE COURAGE...



I'LL THROW IT AWAY...I WON'T EVEN LOOK AT IT! NOT ON THIS AWFUL DAY!

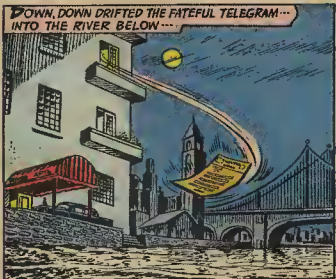


WITH HIS LAST WORDS, CAME THE BONGING OF THE CLOCK! IT WAS MIDNIGHT...THE JINXED DAY WAS OVER!

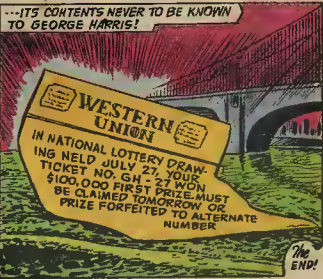
I GOT THROUGH IT...I LICKED THAT 27 HOOOOO! BUT THANK GOSH I DIDN'T LOOK AT THAT TELEGRAM...IT MUST HAVE HAD SOMETHING TERRIBLE IN IT!



DOWN, DOWN DRIFTED THE FATEFUL TELEGRAM... INTO THE RIVER BELOW...



...ITS CONTENTS NEVER TO BE KNOWN TO GEORGE HARRIS!



The END!

Time Visitor



WAIT... YOU CAN'T GO NOW! YOU MUST STAY!

I MUST RETURN TO MY OWN TIME, PROFESSOR! HOWEVER, SINCE YOU HAVE BEEN SUCH A RESPONSIVE AUDIENCE, I WILL MAKE AN EXCEPTION AND RETURN TOMORROW AT THE SAME TIME!

THE PLACE WAS PROFESSOR BAILEY'S STUDY, AND THE TIME WAS BUT A SCANT TWO MONTHS AGO! WHATEVER IT WAS, IT CLAIMED TO BE A TIME VISITOR FROM THE FUTURE! AND AFTER A PLEASANT CHAT, IT STARTED TO LEAVE IN THE UNORTHODOX MANNER IN WHICH IT HAD APPEARED...

EDDEN WHITNEY

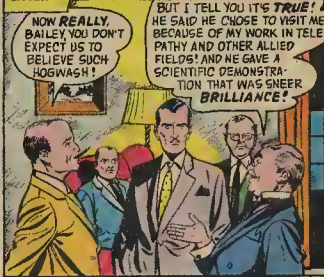
AND THEN... IT WAS GONE!



I CAN'T BELIEVE IT, AND STILL I SAW IT WITH MY OWN EYES! A VISITOR FROM THE FUTURE... FROM THE YEAR 3468!

POP!

PROFESSOR BAILEY HASTENED TO HIS CLUB AND SHARED HIS EXPERIENCE WITH THOSE COLLEAGUES WILLING TO LISTEN...



NOW REALLY, BAILEY, YOU DON'T EXPECT US TO BELIEVE SUCH HOGWASH!

BUT I TELL YOU IT'S TRUE! HE SAID HE CHOSE TO VISIT ME BECAUSE OF MY WORK IN TELEPATHY AND OTHER ALLIED FIELDS! AND HE GAVE A SCIENTIFIC DEMONSTRATION THAT WAS SNEER BRILLIANCE!



WE'LL JOIN YOU TO-MORROW, BAILEY, BUT REMEMBER THIS! IF IT'S ANOTHER OF YOUR FOOLISH JOKES, YOU'LL REGRET IT!

YOU'LL EAT THOSE WORDS, PROFESSOR PARKIS! JUST WAIT!

SO THEY GATHERED IN PROFESSOR BAILEY'S STUDY THE FOLLOWING EVENING, AND PRECISELY AT SIX O'CLOCK...



LOOK! HE'S BEGINNING TO APPEAR!

WHEN THE VISITOR'S MATERIALIZATION WAS COMPLETE...

I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND MY ASKING A FEW FRIENDS IN, BUT I WANTED THEM TO SHARE THIS MOMENT... AND THE DEMONSTRATION!

I DON'T MIND, PROFESSOR! NOT IN THE LEAST!

THE VISITOR PERFORMED WITH SWIFT SKILL, BEGINNING THE DEMONSTRATION WITH A MOST MIRACULOUS LIQUID! WHEN POURED FROM THE TUBE IN HIS HAND THE DROPS FELL, BUT BEFORE THEY STRUCK THE FLOOR...

THEY DISAPPEARED!

AND AS HIS CLOSING EXPERIMENT, THERE WAS THE STRANGE SCRAP OF PAPER HE HAD SET ABLAZE...

THAT SCRAP OF PAPER HAS BEEN BURNING FOR TEN MINUTES!

IT COULD ACTUALLY BURN FOR TWO CENTURIES! WE MAKE IT FROM ATOMIC WASTE MATERIAL!

THE DEMONSTRATION OVER, PROFESSOR BAILEY TURNED TOWARD HIS GUESTS... A SUPERIOR, CHIDING SMILE ON HIS LIPS...

WELL, GENTLEMEN, WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO SAY NOW? AND YOU, PROFESSOR PARKIS... I EXPECT A PUBLIC RE-TRACTION OF YESTERDAY'S INSULTING REMARK!

YOU DO, DO YOU?

WE WARNED YOU, PROFESSOR, BUT OBVIOUSLY, YOU'RE A VERY SICK MAN! I CAN'T EVEN BE ANGRY WITH YOU! I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY TO A MAN WHO SEES THINGS THAT DON'T EXIST... AND WHO SPEAKS TO THE THIN AIR!

COME, PARKIS! THE MAN'S HOPELESS!

YOU HEARD WHAT HE SAID! WHAT CAN THE FOOL MEAN?

YOU REALLY CAN'T BLAME HIM! I FORGOT TO TELL YOU THAT THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN SEE OR HEAR A TIME VISITOR, AND WHATEVER HE DOES, IS THE PERSON THE VISITOR CONTACTS!

THEN, WHATEVER IT WAS, IT WAS GONE... AND THE EMPTY ROOM ECHOED WITH PROFESSOR BAILEY'S PLEADING WORDS...

BUT YOU MUST COME BACK! YOU HAVE TO PROVE IT TO THEM! WHAT CAN I SAY? HOW WILL I EVER EXPLAIN?

POP!

THE END

GIVEN - PREMIUMS Or - GIVEN

OUR
60th
YEAR

ACT NOW

BE FIRST



BE
FIRST



BOYS - GIRLS - LADIES - MEN

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GIVEN - CASH - PREMIUMS

ACT NOW

OUR 60TH YEAR



MAIL COUPON
TODAY

BE
FIRST



WE TELL
YOU

ONCE IN A
LIFETIME



-LOOK-
A REAL LIVE
PONY

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MAIL COUPON
NOW



MAIL
COUPON

OUR
60th
YEAR



60th
YEAR



BOYS
GIRLS

BE
FIRST

ACT
NOW



BE
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ACT
NOW



WATCHES

BOYS
GIRLS



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Gentlemen - Please send me on trial 14 colorful art pictures with 14 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 35c a box (with picture). I will remit amount within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as fully explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with my order postage paid to start.

Name _____	Age _____
St. _____	RD. _____ Box _____
Town _____	Zone _____
County _____	No. _____ State _____
<input type="checkbox"/> Mail <input type="checkbox"/> Cash <input type="checkbox"/> Both	

Paste on at postal card or mail in an envelope NOW

Radios, Footballs, Basketball Outfits, Swim Marks (sent postage paid), GIVEN - GIVEN - GIVEN, White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE is so easy to sell to friends, neighbors, relatives at 35 cents a box - with FREE picture - Send coupon now and your starting order will be sent out, at once. **WILSON - CHEMICAL CO., Dept. O-27, TYRONE, PA.**

Hi there, Pal! Win Some of these 100 Silver Anniversary Prizes!
 I just won \$100. and this 15" tall Silver Trophy
 I just won this \$1,000,000 Body and a Gold Medal

You Can Win All These
 just as I did
 in **10**
MINUTES
 OF FUN
 A DAY!

Yes! You still can win \$100 and other 25th Anniversary Prizes, if you MAIL coupon below NOW. Your success can soon be like mine. A few weeks ago I was a skinny weakling like you. I had no guts to fight for my rights. TODAY everyone admires my champ movie-star build. My mighty ARMS. My heroic CHEST. My wide manly SHOULDERS. My POPULARITY with boys. The way GIRLS go for me—once so girl-shy. My new prowess in SPORTS. My new quickness in STUDIES. My double-energy at work.

There's that skinny scarecrow JOHN. Let's pass him by!



JOHN SILL
 was a 125 lb.
 6 ft. WEAKLING
 LOOK at him NOW.
 A MOVIE-STAR HE-MAN
 from Head to Toe

as YOU
 can be!
 soon!

John Sill
 NOW

I GAINED
60 LBS. OF HANDSOME
HARD-HITTING
MUSCLES!

Which of these
2 ME'S is YOU ?
 that 125 lb.—6 ft. ■
 CHICKEN WEAKLING BELOW
 CHESTED WAS ME
 A FEW SHORT WEEKS AGO

NO! friend you
 don't have to be
SKINNY any more.
 Just mail NOW the **FREE**
 coupon below as I did.
 Soon **YOU** can add
 7 inches to your **CHEST**
 3½ inches to **EACH**
ARM and the rest in
 proportion as I did.

Come On, PAL
NOW YOU give me
10 PLEASANT MINUTES A DAY
 IN YOUR OWN HOME
 and I'll give **YOU**

A NEW HE-MAN BODY for
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NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you
 are; if you're a teen-ager, in your 20's
 or 30's or over; if you're short or tall, or
 what work you do. All I want is JUST 10
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YOU OVER by the SAME METHOD
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 ADDRESS _____
 CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

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Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES
Gain Pounds, INCHES, FASY!

After a LIFETIME STUDY of every way known to develop your body I have devised the BEST by TEST, my "5-WAY PROGRESSIVE POWER" the only method that builds you 5-ways fast. You save YEARS. DOLLARS like movie star Tom Tyler did. Like champ John Sill did. Like MANY THOUSANDS like you did. SO Mail coupon NOW!

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EXTRA
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IS YOURS**

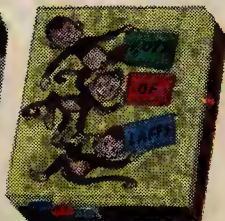
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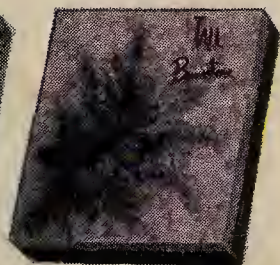
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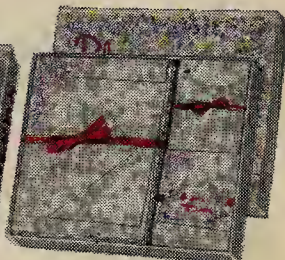
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